

STUDENT REVIEW

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Grounds Crew Poetry Page 6



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year 3 • issue 28

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Editor's Note

Am I Intellectual?

THREE COMES A TIME IN EVERYONE'S youth when we look at ourselves and ask the questions, "Who am I? Where did I come from?" and, "Am I intellectual?"

The summer I turned nineteen I moved in with some friends in Seattle older than I, in a big house with a backyard and basketball hoop. We were friends from high school, I the only Mormon. It was a nice house—Chris, Steve, Todd and I all had our own rooms. I got a job driving an ice cream truck through suburbs north of Seattle. The truck had a number of Nutty Buddies, Creamsicles and popsicles painted on the side.

Putting in long days, every night I'd come home and relax with my roommates in front of the TV. I felt loved and honored by the citizens of that small suburb, as their ice cream man, so I didn't feel bad about watching David Letterman with my roommates before calling it a night.

Soon this domestic bliss began to wear thin as not only Chris, but I began to realize that what we were doing wasn't very intellectual. Not very intellectual at all. Sobered by this insight, we called a council of roommates and decided that whoever's night it was to do the dishes had to also deliver an address, on any topic or theme, to the rest of the roommates. Excitedly, Steve volunteered an old wooden podium from his parent's basement

that we could use for lectures and attendant discussions.

Indignant, we got rid of our TV, all the old gharish furniture and posters in the living room. We agreed that austerity was a key. Pleased with this new turn of events, we went our separate ways for the afternoon; I went to another friend's house that afternoon and declared to him our new resolve and initiative. Looking back on it now, we were extremely forthright, almost reckless.

"Just a minute," he said, going into the other room. A moment later he returned with a textbook of his on geomorphology and, stammering, he asked to be invited to that night's address. Soon we were calling up all our friends, and "The Podium, the Northwest's Newest Intellectual Hotspot" was born.

THE FIRST EVENING IS TENTATIVE. It begins at 11:00 sharp, with about ten in all in attendance. Small, yet intimate. All the lights are out; two candles are burning on the Podium. There is incense, and all the furniture has been cleared. We begin by repeating our new chant to each other three times:

I'm young
I'm intellectual
And I'm mad as hell.

We play with the words, experi-

menting with the different inflections, the different emphases, and it feels good. After the chanting we have poetry readings, lectures, classical guitar recitals. Each of us participates in our own small way, and we snap our fingers in approval.

We break for refreshments and light, witty repertoire. A few ideas are casually tossed about. There are a number of subtle word plays. We return to the evening's festivities—a friend and I tell intellectual jokes, there is another lecture, and Todd comes up from the basement to play his tenor sax. We even leave time open for controversial dialogue. "Religion is a FARCE!" someone shouts, and the contests of logic and rhetoric commence.

This may be just my own wistful recollection, but I seem to recall a number of individuals, as the summer progressed, coming up to us afterwards and remarking, "Mmmmmmmmm, good Podium," or "Beauty is truth and truth is beauty, and hey I love your turtle-neck."

OUR GROUP EXPANDED TO INCLUDE many more of our friends, associates and colleagues. We invited guest speakers even. We had a live yoga demonstration on our living room floor, where a man, all in white, twised his body into impossible

shapes and sizes. He pulled his ankle behind his neck and breathed, "Oh—this is so relaxing..." It was glorious.

We organized Podium field trips, all for a few nimble mental manuevers, a little cranial acrobatics. One night I remember we stayed until four in the morning at the "College Inn Cafe" where Todd and Chris were parleying hypotheses. Todd was applying a severe cross-examination all night, demanding footnotes after every sentence. Chris was having a hard time of it. I added commentary now and then.

I drove my ice cream truck home one night and found my friends ar-rayed in rows in front of two Mormon missionaries on our couch. Oh yes, the guest speakers I had invited. I had wanted my friends to assess their message.

They did so, brutally. That night I witnessed a mauling. I had a hard time sitting there so I left early, taking care not to disruptfully turn my chimes on until I had traveled several blocks away—but even then those chimes sounded somehow less merry, less jubilant.

It didn't get any better. Late that summer I received my mission call. When Chris came home from work late that night (a busboy in a restaurant downtown), he found me face down on our livingroom floor. The exchange went something like this:

"Where are you going?"

"Utah." My voice was muffled through the shag rug.

"Utah? Didn't you just go to school there?"

"Yes."

I rolled over on my back, and in his eyes I saw words: Absurd. Ridiculous. Foolish. Comic theater. Perhaps some form of cosmic retribution.

I could say nothing.

"Come on, we're getting out of here."

Chris put me in his car and drove me to a forested, undeveloped hillside in Seattle. His forehead was pulsing.

"Get out of the car," he said. I stood in his car lights and watched him pull out a three-foot roll of cheese from his back seat, and lighter fluid. He carefully layed the cheese on the dirt, poured the lighter fluid over it, then tossed a match. The cheese went quickly, but not so quickly that my mind, still agile, thought of all the things we had done as friends—Chris had taught me several card games, as well as serving as a trusted colleague. In the flames I could see his scowl, his arms folded, his fingers stroking a chin that needed a good shave just about every day.

THAT NIGHT, OVER THE ROAR OF THE flames, he told me it was all foolishness. When I unpacked my bags in my first field of labor—the suburbs

please see Podium on page 5

Letters

Red-Hot Chili Peppers

Editor,

Hey, Litzy Florian made a disgusting mistake in her article entitled "Shopping Cart Deviance" (SR Mar. 29, 89). The Red Hot Chili Peppers' song she referred to is properly called "Me and My Friends," not "Pee in My Pants." I must admit, however, that the song's chorus could lead one to believe as Litzy did. In fact, I often play the song to friends just for the shock effect—it's a kick in the pants.

John Bigooty

Wives—submit yourselves

Editor's note: The following was received anonymously. We print it for your thoughtful consideration.

Editor,

The scriptures are clear: "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression" (1 Tim. 2:14). Even so, Adam suffered because of his wife's folly. If this were a one time event, there

would be little reason to point it out. Unfortunately, the result of Eve's vanity was but the first of a continuing string of degradations which women have inflicted upon men.

Indeed, the Holy Bible is unequivocal in explaining "He that is unmarried caret for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife" (1 Cor. 7:32, 33). As we realize that one can't simultaneously serve God and accommodate a woman's natural lust for mammon, we see clearly how throughout the entire span of human history, females have been dragging spiritually minded men down to hell.

What, then, are men to do? The logical thing would be to avoid women and thus remain on a high spiritual plane. However, the scriptures teach that a woman can't get to the celestial kingdom unless a man takes her there (see D&C 132). Being full of compassion and concern for the less able, many men graciously condescend to enter into marriage, in order to help a woman along, despite the great risk.

It seems, then that women ought to realize the chance that men are taking by associating with them, and in grateful appreciation try to minimize the negative effect they have by behaving in a meeker manner. Because the "daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched

forth necks and wanton eyes" (1 Ne. 13:16), the Lord has forcefully said that "the head of the woman is the man" (1 Cor. 11:13), directed wives to "submit yourselves unto your husbands" (Eph. 5:22); and commanded that "women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works. Let the women learn in silence with all subjection" (1 Tim. 2:9-11).

What every woman must learn is that the only way she will avoid hellfire is by being taken to celestial glory by a man. The only way a man can get her there is for her to be submissive and humble to the man who is her head, so as to stop dragging his mind from the Lord by demanding too much attention and too many worldly goods for herself.

"Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man" (1 Cor. 11:9). It is high time for that woman to adopt her proper role, not as one who puts demands upon a man, but as a childbearer, cook, homemaker, and true wife who follows the heavenly command to "reverence her husband" (Eph. 5:33). Only in this way can true, eternal happiness be achieved.

How to Be a Closet Environmentalist

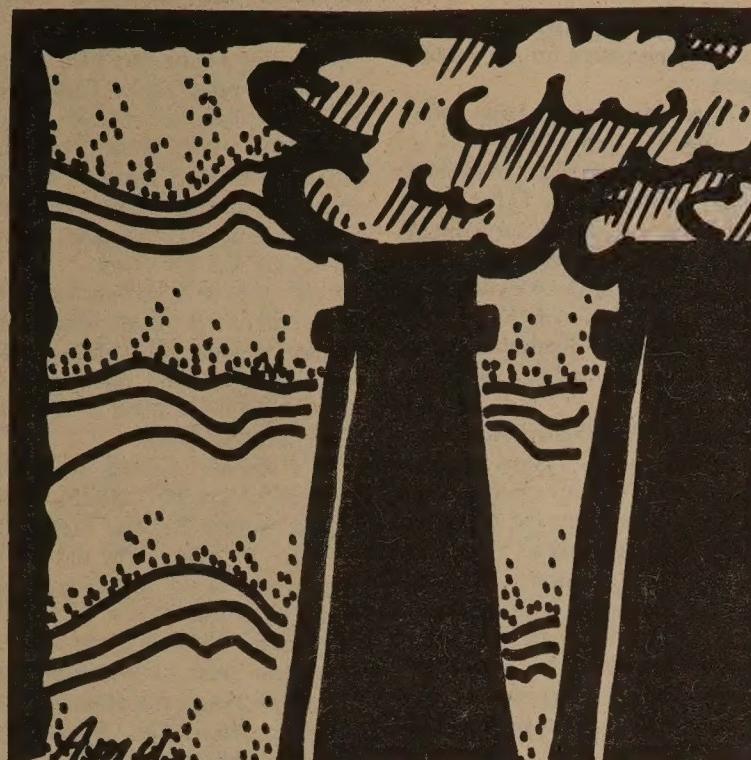
by Kevin Livingstone

They shall not be blest, because they pollute mine holy grounds....

—D&C 124:46

Last week we witnessed the largest American oil spill in history in the Gulf of Alaska, destroying for years to come much of that pristine habitat for fish and waterfowl. Acid rain from industrial coal burning threatens the ecosystem of the Atlantic Northeast. Industrial gasses are already beginning to cause disastrous global warming—the infamous "greenhouse effect." Fluorocarbons are neutralizing the ozone layer that protects us from dangerous ultraviolet radiation. Tropical rainforests, which are a main source of our oxygen and of many medicines, are being cut down by logging companies—in some instances merely to make toilet paper.

Each year, more species are extinguished forever. Dying animals and plants are more than just dying animals and plants: their deaths are early warning signs, leading environmental indicators, that humans are next.



SR Art by Amy Williams

To combat these dangers and protect the public, the federal government has enacted legislation dictating specifically the amounts and

types of chemicals that can be released.

Most recently in November 1986, national legislation known as Title

III was enacted. Title III, or the Emergency Planning and Community Right-to-Know Act, has as its end to "encourage and support emergency planning for responding to chemical accidents; and to provide local governments and the public with information about possible chemical hazards in their community."¹ As of July 1, 1988, manufacturers were required to submit yearly reports to the EPA disclosing the chemical activities in their respective plants. These reports must contain the following information:

- Which toxic chemicals were released into the environment during the year.

- How much of each chemical went into the air, water, and land.

- How much of the chemicals were transported away from the facility for disposal.

- How chemical wastes were treated on-site.

- The efficiency of the treatment.

All of this information is then compiled by the EPA into a national data-base, the Toxic Release Inventory (TRI) and can be used by the

public to inform themselves and help regulate polluters through community action groups. This information can be accessed through county public libraries, state offices where the forms are filed, federal deposit libraries, and the Local Emergency Planning Committee (LEPC).²

Also scheduled to begin this spring is an on-line system that will allow citizens access to this information through computers and modems. The on-line system will allow users to search files and pull all files that interest them. Services will include a listing by zip codes of polluters (you can get a list for all of those in your zip code area), a listing of all discharges into a particular river or lake, or all reports of discharges of a specific chemical in your area.

This information can also be used to determine the industrial output of a certain chemical inside of a geographic region, or to compare industrial waste levels for different plants manufacturing the same product around the country—to evaluate the quality of emissions controls of the manufacturers in your area.

Title III was written with the citizens in mind, to be used to improve please see *Closet* on page 16

To Game or Not to Game

by Vincent Arebalo

Whenever I meet new acquaintances, the topic of hobbies often comes up. I usually rattle off my short list: reading, listening to music, and other relatively mundane activities. However, when I mention the last item on my list, role-playing games, the reaction is often anything but mundane.

It is quite entertaining to view questioning expressions and responses from those who are unfamiliar with role-playing games (RPGs). After mentioning them, I wait expectantly for the typical, "What's a role-playing game?" This is where the hobby conversation becomes difficult. In the past I have attempted to answer the question with a brief description and explanation of RPGs. Usually this attempt is not sufficient. Due to the nature of casual conversation, attempts at describing and explaining abstract and unusual hobbies are less than successful.

At this point, I am frustrated, but not lost. To bring my questioning acquaintance into context, I give the name of a widely known role-playing game saying, "Well have you ever heard of Dungeons & Dragons?" As soon as I say the name, I regret having mentioned it.

From here on the hobby conversation takes on a negative but lively tone. Immediately they start recalling the negative things they have heard about Dungeons & Dragons. The comments I hear most often concern the negative effects that role-playing games are supposed to have upon those who play them. My



SR art by Kent Chou

first response to vague, biased and uninformed comments such as these is, "Well, have you ever played a responsibly executed game of Dungeons & Dragons?"

Although the question may seem to dodge their questions, it contains two elements that are needed to address their biases.

The first element is a lesson in judgement. How can someone pass hasty judgement on something they have not experienced or become familiar with? We do it all the time, and sometimes we find out we are wrong. For instance, all through

high school you wouldn't eat broccoli, and then you came to college and realized that not only was it good, but it was cheap. Or how about the negative effects that running can have on a person. But once you try it, you find out it's a good way to keep in shape.

Well, I'm not suggesting that role-playing games are good for calcium or aerobics, but I am suggesting that most people judge RPGs after having only *heard* negative things about them; never having seen for themselves.

Second, the question above brings

responsibility into the picture. As a veteran gamer, I have had the opportunity for involvement in role-playing games directed, or supervised if you will, by many different people. For the most part the games have been thoroughly enjoyable exercises of my imagination.

However, some of the games, thankfully only a few, have been morally and ethically disgusting, mostly because of an irresponsible gamemaster (a generic term for the person that directs an RPG) who was not concerned with the direction his or her game took. From this experi-

ence I have realized that the most important aspect of a positive role-playing experience is a responsible gamemaster.

With these ideas in mind, I separate those who play an RPG from the RPG itself. Most of the negative effects and events supposedly caused by RPGs are largely due to irresponsibility. Role-playing games are inherently neither good nor bad—it depends entirely on those who play them.

Opportunities to learn more about role-playing games abound. Locally, both the owner and the manager of Game World (137 N. State in the Orem Plaza shopping center) are experienced gamers who can explain RPGs to you in greater detail. There is a game room in Game World where gaming enthusiasts may role-play and non-gamers may see RPGs in action and judge for themselves. For non-gamers, observing an RPG could lead to a fascinating and enjoyable hobby. For gamers, Game World is a quality outlet for role-playing games and supplies.

RPG players are not necessarily defended in this article. That would be like trying to defend athletes, students, or *Student Review* staffers—they're all different. Neither is this article an attempt to explain and describe role-playing games. It is simply an effort to urge people to avoid forming unfounded prejudices about an incredibly imaginative and enjoyable hobby—role-playing games.

The character "Vincent Arebalo, BYU student," is played by Hthealgli-Durss, a water-being from the planet Qetl. Besides role-playing games, Hthealgli enjoys push-ball, norgling, and zirthing twirbs in his/her/its spare time.

Comment on Allan Bloom

Common Faith: A Prerequisite for Reason

President Holland opened this academic year with a speech at the University Conference entitled "A School in Zion." Among other things mentioned in that momentous address, President Holland requests that we establish a community of discourse surrounding a single idea or topic. For starters, he suggests that we become familiar with and respond to Allan Bloom's controversial perspectives on higher education in his book *The Closing of the American Mind*. Student Review followed up on Holland's idea by initiating an occasional series of articles critiquing Bloom's book. The first of those articles accompanied a summarized version of Holland's speech (SR Dec. 7, 88), another follows here. Again, we invite others of the university and its broader community to submit comments on this work.

by Murray Snow

At a recent lunch conversation with my colleagues, the topic turned to comparing the worth of our occu-

pation (we're lawyers) and our clients (they're money moguls) with the occupations of people who actually work for a living. The expected economic arguments on both sides of the question were aired. Some argued that we provide a service to society by helping our clients spur the economy which in turn provides jobs and opportunities for the masses. Others argued that we merely leech off the process of redistributing wealth among those who already have more than they need.

I proposed that this debate was very similar to that which had raged between Jefferson and Hamilton about what kind of economic base was most desirable for the United States. Jefferson's view, not based solely on economic efficiency, held that an economic system based on the labor of gentlemen farmers (as opposed to one based on merchants, speculators, and, presumably, lawyers) was best for the nation. This, not only because it would produce real wealth, but because it would

engender in the people a sense of morality necessary for the national good.

Thus, I suggested, a large part of whether our occupations were socially worthwhile had as much to do with their effect on us, as it did with their effect on others. Surprisingly, my comment was rejected, because it was based on the subjective and elusive concept of morality, an unacceptable basis for determining questions of social good in a plural democracy.

Allan Bloom is at his best when he attacks this sense of hopelessness in determining the standards of our national existence. He effectively points out that rejection of morality as a basis for decision is ultimately inconsistent with both logic and reason. A democracy requires its people to make value judgements (discriminations) based on moral grounds, or its own existence becomes threatened.

please see Bloom on page 16

Stress City:

Survival of the Fittest In Hong Kong Schools

by Sherrie Shek

"Stephanie, look at this, it's another rejection from another school! What did you say at the interview? How are you going to get into a good school?" My frustrated sister-in-law yelled at my three-year-old niece as she read the letter from the kindergarten.

Normally cheerful and talkative, Stephanie turned away from the toys she was playing with and burst into tears. This is a trauma typical for a child in Hong Kong before she enters her first year of school.

Why all the anxiety? Hong Kong has a population of approximately six million on a piece of land about the size of Salt Lake City. Yet for thesesix million people, the government provides only two universities, each of which admits only 1000 freshmen.

As a result, school is survival-of-the-fittest. This mentality is fostered by the educational system itself, which is shaped like a four-tiered pyramid: for one thousand primary schools, there are about five hundred secondary schools and two hundred post-secondary schools. Then, about 20,000 post-secondary school graduates compete each year for the 2,000 slots at one of Hong Kong's two universities. Students are excluded from the whole educational system as soon as they fail to advance to the next pyramid tier.

Public examinations are the gateways between these different levels and disqualify those who supposedly lack the capacity to go higher up the pyramid. When a child is about to finish primary school (which is equivalent to 6th grade here), she must take the first public examination of her life so that she can go to a secondary school. Unfortunately, the rest of a student's life depends on how well she does on this exam.

The next public examination comes three years after the first one. The Curriculum Examination tests a student's knowledge of Math, English, and Chinese, based on the Hong Kong Education Department's 9-year popular education program.

The next public exam comes two years later, the Hong Kong Certificate of Education Examination. This examination is far more stressful than any previous public exam. In each of 7-9 subjects, a student is tested on everything she has learned in the last two years. Imagine the stress this test imposes on a student who is trying to study all she has learned in the last two years in math, English, Chinese, geography, Western history, Chinese history, biology and English literature. Every year right after the Certificate Exam results are re-

leased, the news reports the number of annual student suicides—usually five to ten.

But congratulations to those who triumph in the Hong Kong Certificate of Education Examination, students who can move on to another stressful experience two years later: the Hong Kong Advanced-Level Examination. This last and hardest exam determines whether the students will enter a university.

When I came to Utah as an exchange student (after passing the Certificate Exam), I discovered that in America student life is a whole different matter. In Hong Kong, most of the good schools are either all-boy or all-girl. I went to an all-girl secondary school. Life was much simpler, because boys were completely out of the picture; life was basically school and sleep.

In Hong Kong, grades were wholly based on finals that tested us on everything we learned for the whole semester. If we failed the finals, we had to repeat the year again. I remember how my schoolmates would stay up all night before finals and the next morning compare who had had the least amount of sleep. On the other hand, when I went to high school here I don't remember staying up one night studying, but I still got As in all my classes.

I really like the teachers at BYU. Teachers here tend to have closer relationships with their students and are often more casual. I am taking English 373 from Dr. Paxman, and I was absolutely astonished when I saw him snitching food from a student. His closeness and casualness reminds me how distant my teachers in Hong Kong were. One of my history teachers always made sure that she called on every student each class period. If we didn't know the answer, we had to stand up for the rest of the class period. She was such a frightening figure that no one would sit on the front row.

Being born in Hong Kong and having tried the educational system, I cannot believe I went through most of these horrors. The American educational system may have its weaknesses (even BYU), but its relative strengths have persuaded me to appreciate getting an education here rather than in Stress City.

Sherrie's Cantonese name is Shek Kwai Yi, which is roughly translated as "Stone Elegant Manners." She is one of the very few foreign students brave enough to major in English.

Sexism: Is it Really An Issue at BYU?

by Heather O'Brien

Attending a university with a predominantly male faculty, I feel very fortunate to have had several female professors. Sometimes I've just ended up in their classes. Other times I've intentionally registered for a particular class because I knew the teacher was a woman.

I feel doubly fortunate, because every one of my female professors has been outstanding. They are all very intelligent and talented and could probably be hired at the university of their choice.

So I wonder, having heard so much about how BYU discriminates against women because Mormons are sexist etc., etc., why did these women choose to work here and why do they stay?

I spoke with three of my former professors: Jean Jenkins from the Theatre Department, Catherine Corman from the English Department, and Sonja Despain from the Scandinavian Department. These are only three among hundreds of female faculty members on campus, and other women may have different feelings. But the information from these interviews suggests that it is not so much BYU policies that discriminate against women as it is some individual attitudes.

I asked each of these professors separately if they felt accepted among a mostly male faculty. They all answered with a reverberating "Yes." All agreed that they have been treated with as much respect, and maybe even more, than their colleagues show the men in the department.

I then asked if they would change anything about BYU. All three stated that they support the administration's present policies. Sister Despain commented, "The policies have been made by people who have the best interest of the university, students, faculty, and Church in mind."

Ok, the policies are good. Does this mean all is well in Zion? Not exactly. Male professors exist who don't take their female students seriously, because they expect them to

be married and pregnant within a few years. Some of these same men have trouble dealing with their female colleagues. They may feel that women can not be as intellectual as men. They may treat a woman as a cutesy little intellectual wanna-be.

Likewise, some male students have problems with female professors. Jean Jenkins commented that she has had some male students who didn't know how to deal with her. They would not follow instructions or take criticism from her because she's a woman. Perhaps they feel intimidated, or maybe they actually believe that a woman couldn't possibly know more than they. The list of sexist comments and attitudes goes on.

Then why do women choose to teach here if they have to put up with some narrow-minded men?

Jean Jenkins mentioned that she's had several speaking engagements at universities across the nation. Such visits have made her better appreciate BYU. Said Jenkins, "I truly like the cleanliness, modesty and fresh look of students at BYU. There is a feeling of "freshly washed" here. The campus is always clean. And the students are clean, inside and out."

When asked what she likes most about this university, Sonja Despain also pointed to the environment. "The physical and spiritual atmosphere is enjoyable, and I like teaching in those circumstances."

I asked Dr. Corman why she decided to work here. Among other reasons she stated, "I like the close connection to the Church. There is a sense that we are building the kingdom. It's not just literature we are teaching; somehow we are building people's souls."

I think this final comment is at the heart of everything. Sure, there are instances of sexism at BYU. But to these three women these problems are worth enduring. They like what they are doing and they feel accepted. And given the chance to "build souls," any problem is worth enduring.

CINEMARK THEATRES

MOVIES 8		\$1 ALL SEATS ALL SHOWS	
Plumtree Center 375-5667		big PG-13 1:25 3:15 GORILLAS IN THE MIST 5:05 7:05 9:55	
Sigourney Weaver PG-13		THE FLY II 9:30 11:45	
JOHN CANDY WHO'S HARRY CRUMB? PG-13 12:15 2:00 3:45 5:25 7:35 9:50		STEVE MARTIN MICHAEL CAINE Meet The Winners. PG DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS 12:20 2:30 4:40 7:10 9:40 11:50	
TAP PG 12:30 2:30 4:45 7:15 9:35 11:55		THE LAND BEFORE TIME PG 1:00 2:30 4:00 5:30 7:20	
TEQUILA SUNRISE R 9:10 11:30		COCOON PG 12:20 2:30 4:40 7:00 9:20 11:40	
A dangerous mix IEX		LESLIE NIELSEN in THE NAKED GUN PG-13 12:25 2:00 3:35 5:20 7:30 9:25 11:35	
Journey to the most wonderful place			
COCOON THE RETURN 12:20 2:30 4:40 7:00 9:20 11:40			
MATINEES DAILY All theatres stereo equipped			

Dear President and Sister Holland

After nearly three years of a "cordial but distant" relationship, we will be sorry to see you leave. The memories of our coexistence will always be fond. The Pat and Jeff dolls, errant Top 20 phone numbers, a dog with Elvis' brain, Duffy's trampoline, and the weekly chats with your beloved secretaries, Jan and Janet, are only a few of our many enduring recollections.

Who would ever have thought that *Student Review* would outlive the Holland Administration? None of us did. We have appreciated your good humor and patience in enduring our buffettings. Alas, you must leave it to another to be victimized, dogged, and revered by future generations of *Student Review* staffers.

Our more serious side also expresses its heartfelt admiration for your unwavering dedication to make this a university of merit and accomplishment. We have appreciated and admired what you have offered the University as a pragmatic vision of what we can and should become. You have inspired us to be better, to strive for—even if we fall short of—the enlightened perspective of scholar-saints. We at the *Review* have benefited from your vision.

God bless you in your new endeavors and responsibilities.

—The Student Review

Podium from page 2

of Ogden—his words came back to me. Foolishness. "What am I doing? What kind of a fool am I?" I asked myself. I looked at my new companion for answers, and he was standing over me, silent, breathing.

Over the next few months, that question transformed itself into, not "what kind of a fool am I (because I was a fool, period)," but—"who am I being a fool for?" A radical redefinition, a vast polemical shift!

Eventually I returned to Seattle and found my old Podium buddies living together above the Para-

mount Theater downtown, about six stories up. They extended the firm arm of fraternity to me, calling another Podium, asking me to lecture about my mission. They wanted information, they said.

When I got off the elevator and walked through their door, I found they had a microphone set up for our imminent meeting of minds. They were using the microphone, not for debate, but to sell to a crowd in the street below the furniture they were stuffing into their window sills! They were so involved in their auction, in the crowd forming on Fourth

Avenue, they never listened to what I had prepared.

Eventually I drove home in the rain, back to my part of the city. It was then I recognized the limits of friendship, the binding of one colleague to another. In the car, in the back of my mouth, I tasted the heavy taste of a melted fudgsicle. So I searched in vain for the switch to turn on my chimes—it wasn't there. I didn't get upset, not at finding myself musicless, not at them, not at the idea of perhaps finding myself friendless. I was a fool, had been for a long time, for many years, so how

could I be mad as hell, how could I be intellectual?

Gary Burgess

An addendum: In the last Podium a guy sang a section from Don Giovanni, then he played the blues harmonica, then he did a dramatic monologue from King Lear, then he break danced on our floor!! All of us felt filled to the brim by his performance, but then another guy got up and recited a three-word poem of his that ended with "piccolo." The poet nearly collapsed with his reading, gasping the words with his eyes closed. There haven't been any Podiums since.

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More Letters

Fewer Fritters Found

Editor,

Every time I go to the Twilight Zone to get a Giant Fritter, I find the Fritters to be less than Giant. That's because I go around 2:30 in the afternoon, when everyone has already taken the largest pastries for themselves. That this happens in a Christian university is very disturbing. I was always taught that one takes the smallest portion for themselves, leaving the more generous portions for the next person. Instead, I am almost daily confronted with the kind of conduct I wouldn't expect from students at this private institution. What can be done about this blight upon BYU's good name?

Terry Lewis, Bowling Green, Kentucky

Still Trying to Help

Editor,

I didn't appreciate all the bad publicity you gave my brother in your last issue. All I know is, he's just trying to help.

M. Cannon, Orem, Utah

Gripes

Editor,

I've got this real gripe to make. James Seymour, Concord, New Hampshire

Man of the Year Responds

Dear Editor:

In Ted Bundy's immortal last words, "Were it not for the honor, I would just as soon decline."

I do want you to know that I appreciate your thinking of me. After reading your article I have decided to change my ways—no more Mr. Nice Guy.

Sincerely,

John B. Stohlton

P.S. Now that you've taken care of your part of the bargain, I will do my part and erase all of your standards violations.

Dont miss SR's

Faculty Edition

next week.

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CAMPUS LIFE

Grounds Crew Poetry:

A Voice of Oppression

by Gary Burgess, Scott Calhoun, and Jeff Lee

Grounds Crew Poetry: A Voice of Oppression is a new anthology that takes risks. It is an angry literature, yet gentle and also at times tender. The many moods of grounds crewmen statewide, are illustrated in this new collection, ranging from the distinctly anarchistic "Provo" voice, to the more passive and docile "Cedar City" voice. In these poems we see the irreducible varieties of a life of labor lived by the often forgotten or ignored landscape maintainers among us.

Typical of the anarchistic tone of the Provo school of grounds

crew poets, is this selection attributed to Jenner Tanner, an employee of BYU for two semesters now.

Murder
Riot
Death
Sprinklers

Comments Tanner about his work, "That day I'd seen hundreds trample on my grass, on my work and creation. I wanted to smash all of them, yet realizing that for an artist/pacifist such as I, turning on the sprinklers on them was my only recourse. We live in a lawless society. I am a fugitive in that society."

Other poems demonstrate a tone of lawlessness. Some, such as the selection below, are written in a voice of warning.

On a starry night
a man and woman believe in
Spring.

His hand on her ivory neck
snakes moonlight
filtered through leaves—my
leaves.

They are in the bushes—my
bushes, by the Widstoe.
"Can this be love?" I ask,
pulling my clippers out, brandishing them in the moonlight.

"I think not," I say, striking
out into the night.

The above is entitled, "To All
You Lovers—Watch Your Butt."

Although Grounds crewman poetry is generally an angry literature, at times it has a profound sense of poignancy, as exhibited in this next poem "Family, Topiary, and Minimum Wage."

I trim,
polite to passersby.
I'm turning a hedge into the
shape of a mother and daughter
knitting.

I'm making \$4.60 an hour.

Other selections affirm Christian values in grounds grooming. The following are three random selections.

Last week I was deodorizing urinals;
now I'm vacuuming leaves off trees.

What marvelous turns life makes!
Oh Beauty! Truth! Suction!

I'm making new friends on the
crew—
yeah, we party.
Gophers.

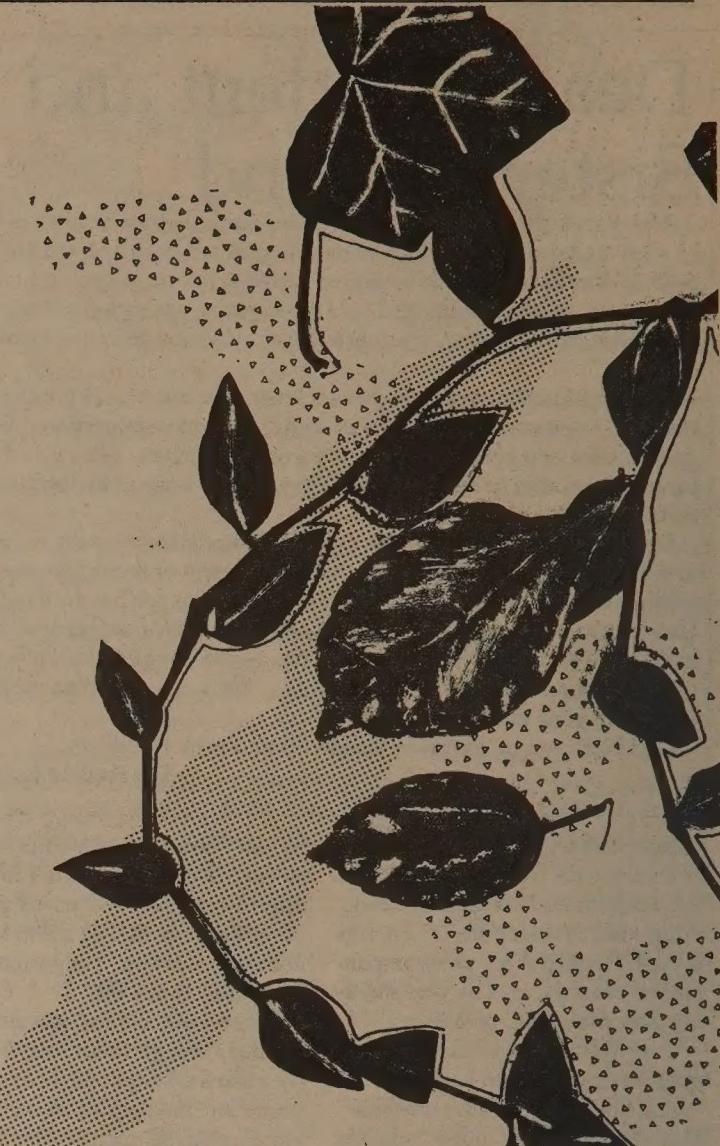
Another poet featured, Marshall Wayman, is a Californian, a Romantic, a surfer, and a "willfully disruptive" individual. His dislike for BYU's manicured, "inhibiting" landscape has prompted some critics to call him "a voice screaming in an ordered wilderness for disorder." He is considered by conservative and liberal grounds crewmen alike to be the founder of the "Anarchist Grounds Crewman Poetry Revolt." This early poem "The Hedges Beg Me to Speak" is exemplary:

End of day
I boil inside.
One more straight row
of hedges I trim,
I am nauseated.
Let them be FREE!
Let the Arborvitae overtake a
wall,
Let ivy climb the Kimball tower—
when you cut and hamper nature,
you cut and hamper us.
You.

Me.
Every Bush on this campus is
coiffured
like Jeff Holland's hair.
End of day
I boil inside!

States Marshall's supervisor:
"Marshall gets that fanatical look
when he chips ice. I'm afraid he'll
smash someone. Yesterday he backed
the pickup over a stretch—when the
ice didn't break he started jumping up
and down on the ice. He fell and
laughed and said that was the beauty
of it."

One morning in a brash mood
Marshall cut a row of hedges into an
advertisement for a current BYU
musical, "A Thistle for Theo!" Later,



SR art by Jeff Lee

he transplanted a tree to the quad, and drove the riding mower over a bed of begonias. He was demoted to raking the stinking yellow artificial plums next to the Kennedy center. This was a time of stoic suffering for Wayman. "I listen to the silence," he recorded in his journal during this time, "I hear the shrubs and greenery in agony at times—other times they are ridiculing the sidewalk traffic. They are on my side, and I am their advocate."

During this time he penned this next work lashing out against his supervisor.

I rake the stink
I rake the Stink!
I rake...
The STINK

So I'll take these yellow
stinking plums
and make a fetid jelly for my
supervisor

I'll hand him the mason jar
with a yellow bow
and smile.
For he made me
Rake the stink.

The anthology also includes many informative interviews with supervisors and others involved directly or indirectly in landscape poetics. About Tanner and Wayman their supervisor noted a growing absenteeism,

and a severity in their work, indicative of their frame of mind. "For me, their work lost its spontaneity, I don't know. Their artistic sense seems to have been neutered."

One last poet, Holman Jones, enters the anthology softly. Being from Cedar City he is angry in quiet way. His poem, "Weeds—My Friends" shows the healing influence nature can have on a crewman.

I whop weeds down
with crass disregard.

Industrial strength,
and Heavy duty
dominate my world.

Until a snap dragon
Changes me unaware.

I put my death hoe aside
Filled with compassion.

Top 20

1. Rainy days (as opposed to snowy days)
2. Vacations in San Francisco
3. Conceptual continuity
4. BYUREX
5. Male bonding
6. April Fools Day
7. Analyzing Led Zeppelin album covers
8. Nitrous Oxide
9. T.S. Eliot poems
10. BYU police cars stuck in trenches
11. Dustin Hoffman's humility
12. Understanding
13. General Conference
14. Progressive Slumber Parties
15. The Blues
16. Lazy Lester
17. Cheers reruns
18. Buying on credit
19. Being scruffy
20. Landscape Maintenancers among us

Bottom 11

Exxon in Alaska, Cellulite and Spandex (a combination that doesn't mix), Testing center proctor humor, Philosophical P.E. teachers, Devotees of Poison, Jodie Foster over Meryl Streep, self aggrandizing newspapers, Emergency weddings, Bad love, love pentagons, Yoko Ono

I trim,
polite to passersby.
I'm turning a hedge into the
shape of a mother and daughter
knitting.

I'm making \$4.60 an hour.

Other selections affirm Christian values in grounds grooming. The following are three random selections.

For Inquiring Minds

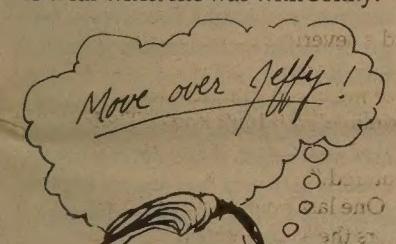
MR. MAC ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF FASHION

by Kurtis S. Glade

The eyes and ears of the fashion world were focused on Utah this week as Mac Christiansen, president and apparel guru of Mr. Mac fine clothiers made his fashion predictions for the 90s.

According to Mac, a definite market seems to be developing. "We stand at the threshold of another nostalgia breakthrough," said Mac. "In the Seventies, it was stuff from the Fifties, the Eighties saw us look to the Sixties, and now we come to the Nineties, and Fetch! I've got wide-bottomed polyester disco suits up the ying-yang just waitin' to be sold."

Mac, clad in shiny lime-green bell bottoms and a spread-collared synthetic fiber shirt unbuttoned to the navel, made his announcement flanked by his wife LaSylvia. LaSylvia, who in response to inquiries about her tie-died pantsuit and exposed navel commented, "This is just like the outfit Cher used to wear when she was with Sonny."



Unidentified Lyrics

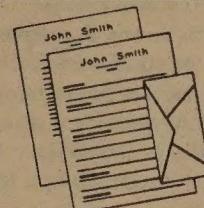
Unidentified Lyric

Flying saucers could land
And it wouldn't make much
difference to my man
I could walk aboard and thank
the Lord
And leave this damn town in
seconds flat
Check my bags and never come
back

Oh. Our love is like a fuse that
burned out

Oh. I've been unkind
Not like you
Ain't I ashamed
Being misused

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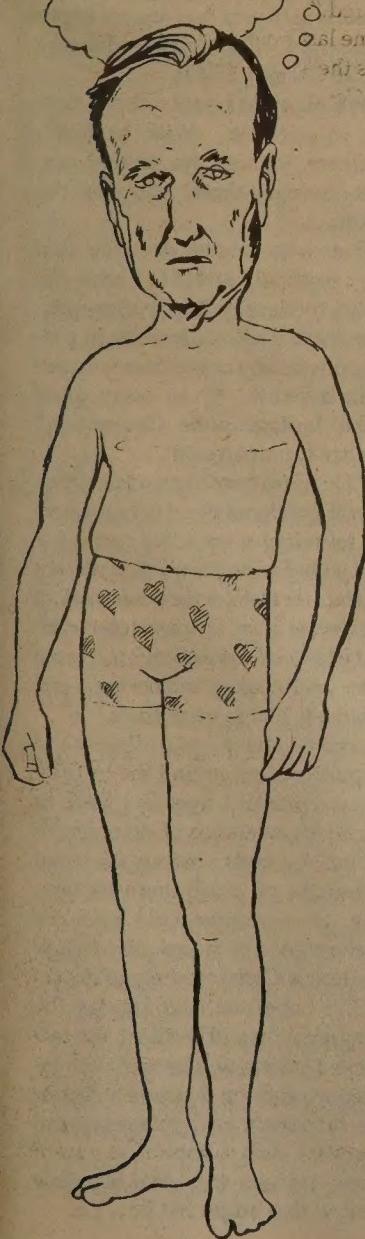
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Backstage
La Dolce Vita
Pie Pizzaria
Carosell Ice Cream
Oasis
Wash Hut
Hart's (across from Helaman)
Crest (8th north & 7th east)
(545 north 900 east)
Minute Man
Doubletime
7-11 (9th east)
Raintree
Branbury Park
Carriage Cove
Liberty Square
Roman Gardens
King Henry

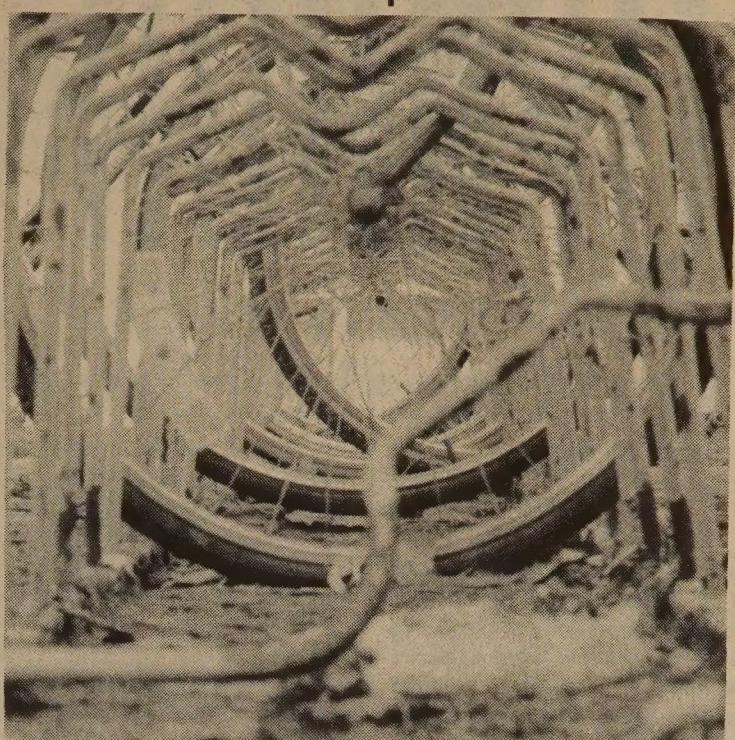


I liked your Chevy Duster
I liked your brand new trailer
I liked your color TV
But you looked at that color TV
More than me
More than me

Last week's lyrics were from the Meat Puppet's album Meat Puppets II. The song was Plateau.



Around Campus Around



Photographed by Doug Lesh

(Waterford School)

Eavesdropper

Tue. March 21 8:50 pm
HBLL 4th floor

Poor-looking balding married guy: "So dude, I hear you're engaged."

Rich-looking single guy: "No way, not me. You must be thinking of my roommate."

Poor-looking balding married guy: "Oh, sorry. So are you seeing anyone seriously?"

Rich-looking single guy: "Heck no, too many babes!"

Poor-looking married guy: "Yeah, that's what I used to say."

Rich-looking single guy: "No, but I mean it."

Thur. March 30 2:46 pm
HFAC Gallery

Girl with small hair: "Ohh, look at this one!"

Girl with big hair: "What is it?"

Girl with small hair: "Aren't those great colors?"

Girl with big hair: "But it doesn't

even even look like anything."

Girl with small hair: "Wow, that really makes a statement."

Girl with big hair: "Wait, oh my heck, is he... NAKED?!"



Following the Bretheren's advice to refine their meager talents, members of the 164 (Enclave) ward Relief Society enjoy an afternoon of service. "Making quilts always draws us closer together."

OPINION

The Great I Have

by Heather Heidegger
and Dave Derrida

This article is an attempt to encourage an awareness of our use of language in general and the word 'have' in particular. Take this into account: having your virtue and being virtuous are not the same thing. Here we call into question the uses of 'have', especially in terms of spiritual possessiveness. Spiritual activities such as truth and testimony are ways of Be-ing in the world. You cannot "have" them. Watch your language. Have is a four letter word!

Picture this. You plan a spiritual feast for the Bishop and a few other righteous friends. Finding your cupboards empty, you see that you had better go to Heaven Eleven to pick up some goods. When you get there, you cart straight to the testimony section. You look over and squeeze a few until you find one that is firm and beautifully well rounded, and would certainly look nice on your table. You take it to the deli and asked if they would heat it up for you. You see, the Bishop likes his burning.

From there you go to the spirit counter. It is a difficult decision since they are all so sweet. You then pick up a box of grace storage bags, so as to save the leftovers, and a humble pie for dessert. Before checking out, you grab a can of peace. Since your cart is full you have to hold it. While you are checking out you run over to aisle three to pick up some truth; after all, this is the only store in town that has it.

Because we see little danger in losing a possession such as a book or a watch, except through theft or some disaster like fire, we begin to view other things that we suppose we have in the same light; only, we are more secure in our possession of truth and testimony because they cannot be stolen, right? Not exactly. The problem is that there cannot be a testimony independent of an individual life. In fact, they are one and the same thing.

There is no problem so long as we understand what we mean when we say that we have these things. If to have these things means that we live them, that our testimonies are nothing less than our way of Being, that the truth we claim to have is the way in which we live and that the spirit we say is with us is there because of the things we do, then there is no problem. The trouble we

fall into is that language shapes culture, and if we are not careful about our use of language, we may start thinking that we really can have truth as a static possession, in the same way that one possesses a watch or a book.

Have you ever heard the excuse coming from someone who has not been to church for some time, "Oh, don't worry, I have a testimony?" That is impossible if a testimony is our way of Be-ing and not a possession. Think for a moment of how some scriptural passages change when we interpret them through this world view:

John 14:6 Jesus saith unto him, I have the way, the truth, and the light.

or
Exodus 3:14 And God said unto Moses, I HAVE THAT I HAVE: and he said, thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I HAVE hath sent me unto you.

and
Matt 5:48 Have ye therefore perfection, even as I or your Father which is in heaven has perfection.

We need to think about what we mean when we say we 'have' something. Do we own it or possess it?

Ever since we became selves (thanks to Plato and Descartes), Western society has done some curious things with language. This is important because it is difficult, if not impossible, to interpret the world truthfully from within a language laden with false presuppositions.

Long ago when people were far less enlightened than we are in our present age, personal possession was not even an issue. Today it is THE issue. Instead of ownership, the issue was stewardship in times of old. In the Garden of Eden, Adam was given stewardship over everything in it. When God gave him lordship and dominion, he made Adam protector and servant ... not owner.

The movement of possession, once the philosophers had bought into Descartes, then filtered through the masses and the com-

Please see I Have on page 11

How Much is Too Much? Conformity vs. Pluralism

by Sterling Augustine

Once, while I was a deacon, I attended a priesthood session of General Conference. The General Authority who addressed the Aaronic Priesthood—I was too young to care about the name—told of the most reverent sacrament meeting he had ever attended. The congregation was silent, the sacrament prayer said with inflection, and the deacons passed the sacrament with reverence and dignity.

But the thing I remember most is his pointing out that the deacons were dressed alike. It happened that all the deacons attended the same school, which required a uniform, and that the uniform was also each deacon's Sunday best.

That talk disturbed me faintly at the time—and more and more as time went by. Does conformity produce reverence? Those deacons weren't trying to conform in the name of reverence. But according to this speaker, conformity had produced reverence.

Oneness of the saints is a common theme among the scriptures, and as good Latter-day Saints we strive to be one in the way Jesus commanded his apostles to be one. But the junior Sunday School response to the command to be one—that we should be one in purpose—is deceptively simple. How much conformity is required to be one in purpose? Need we all have similar beliefs on everything? Need we all act the same way? Need we all dress alike?

I don't believe so. Like Arthur Basset, I "have no resolution to that problem, but I do wonder about it often. I confess that I am basically a pluralist by conviction and increasingly becoming so by temperament" (*Sunstone*, September 1987, 23). In the Church, and particularly at BYU, the degree of conformity required has gone beyond the conformity that morality requires and has stepped into places where it simply is not important.

In order for an organization to function well, there must be some conformity. Indeed, merely being part of a group creates unity.

"The individual within the collective is never, or hardly ever, conscious of the prevailing thought style which almost always exerts an absolutely compulsive force upon his thinking, and with which it is not possible to be at variance." (Mary Douglas, *How Institutions Think*, 13)

Thus a group will tend toward unity. The Church is no exception. "We pride ourselves as a people that on a given Sunday, anywhere in the world, we can drop in on a Mormon meeting and feel as if we were in our home ward" (Basset, 23).

The pride in unity comes from more than similar sacrament meetings. We are largely similar in dress, culture, and language. Clearly, this unity helps the Church function from an organizational perspective, but is this similarity morally required?



SR art by Cassie Christensen

For us to be one in purpose, we need not be similar in dress. Although there are some minimum standards of decency, I don't feel that in order to obtain the celestial kingdom I must always wear a white shirt.

While few would disagree with me on that point, the problem stems from what the minimum standards of conformity are. Do they apply across cultures? Surely an American Indian shouldn't have to cut his waist-length hair to pass the sacrament. But I have seen bishops not allow an Indian to participate simply because his braids were too long. Similarly, the amount of facial hair one has shouldn't indicate moral worthiness.

But it does. Why? Because culturally, we associate long hair and beards with the hippies of the 1960s. Long hair and beards aren't morally wrong—we use them as indicators of moral worthiness. Using the same logic, one could say that because a man is from Samaria—that is, he dresses and acts like a Samaritan—he, too, is unworthy. Jesus would have accepted the Indian, long hair or not, just as fast as he accepted the woman from Samaria at the well.

I cannot deny that some of this conformity in culture is necessary, but I resent the distance it has gone. We have subscribed to it enough to deny history. Brigham Young University once replaced a picture of Karl Maeser with a beard with a painting of him without a beard in the student phone directory for fear of encouraging its students to wear beards. Someday in the future, when beards are again culturally required, will BYU commission a painting of President Holland with a beard?

Another facet of conformity that is common in the Church is conformity of doctrine and, its close associates, philosophy, and tradition. As the Church has expanded and started missionary work in new countries, new members have

come from more and more diverse cultures, bringing with them doctrines from their previous religions. Some of these are false; some are not. To a church claiming to be the only true church on the face of the earth, any corruption of its doctrine must be a major concern.

But failure of a person to conform to doctrine should not always be grounds for ostracization. Joseph Smith said,

"I want the liberty of thinking and believing as I please. It feels so good not to be trammelled. It does not prove that a man is not a good man because he errs in doctrine" (Documentary History of the Church, 5:340).

We shouldn't spurn those who err in doctrine. With explicitly defined doctrine we should correct-lovingly—those who miss the truth.

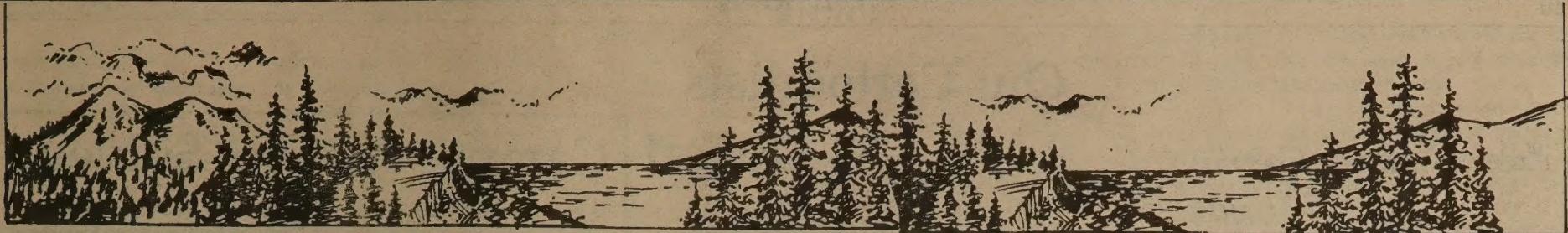
But what about doctrine that isn't explicitly stated? I have decided to classify it as philosophy. We don't need conformity in philosophy nearly as much as we need it in doctrine. In an essay titled "The Indispensable Opposition" Walter Lippman said:

"This is the creative principle of freedom of speech, not that it is a system for the tolerating of error, but that it is a system for finding the truth. It may not produce the truth, or the whole truth all the time, or often, or in some cases ever. But if the truth can be found, there is no other system which will normally and habitually find so much truth."

And what is the goal of being one in purpose, but to find the truth?

As a pluralist myself, I have to argue for tolerance of diversity in all but the most obvious doctrinal questions, of which there are very few. (For example, God lives; the highest good is to seek and follow truth; and Christ can help us do so.)

So I hope that next Sunday the congregation will be silent, the sacrament prayer will be said with inflection, and the deacons will pass the sacrament with reverence and dignity. And I hope that one of those deacons will wear a yellow shirt with a bright red bow tie.



Republicans and the Environment A Flawed Policy

by Chuck Warren

The Reagan Administration wasted a rare opportunity to reform America's flawed environmental programs. As a result, President Bush will find it difficult to design a federal system to protect the environment at an affordable cost.

Reagan wasted the opportunity to seize the moral high ground by changing the course of environmental policy, and in doing so he allowed himself to be depicted as environmentally insensitive. As a result, the Administration lost the credibility needed to deal effectively with Congress and environmental groups.

Instead of providing a different vision, the Reagan Administration simply offered lower budgets, federal inaction, and fewer restrictions on polluting industries. When dealing with highly charged political issues such as the environment, issues that have moral and even religious overtones, a philosophy consisting only of *doing less* is not an adequate answer. To avoid repeating Reagan's mistake, the Bush administration needs to articulate a long-term environmental policy to the American people.

THE NEXT FOUR YEARS

Most environmental programs seem to be based upon the assumption that all human impact on the environment can be eliminated. But this is unrealistic. Instead of basing policies on an unrealistic standard, society should seek to minimize the environmental risk.

The Bush Administration should move to set overall environmental limits for pollutants and then establish free market mechanisms to entice individual firms to find the most efficient means to stay these limits.

One such program that needs to be reviewed, and is failing in its mission, is the Superfund. In 1988, analysis of the \$10 billion program, the Office of Technology Assessment concludes "that Superfund remains largely ineffective and inefficient." As it is currently being administered, the Superfund is merely wasting precious environmental funding.

The Bush Administration needs to encourage two changes in this crucial government program:

1. Encourage development and demonstration of cost-effective, permanent cleanup technologies. As with many government programs, too much money is spent on temporary solutions to hazardous wastes such as removal or impoundment. Hazardous waste is a threat, and cleanup efforts must be permanent.

2. Ensure that cleanup costs are consistent and fair from site to site. Various studies have shown enormous price differences between similar cleanups.

The President should convene a high-level task force on "Federalism and Environmental Regulation" composed of state governors and members of various environmental agencies and groups. This task force would study responsibilities that might be transferred to the

Please see Policy on page 11

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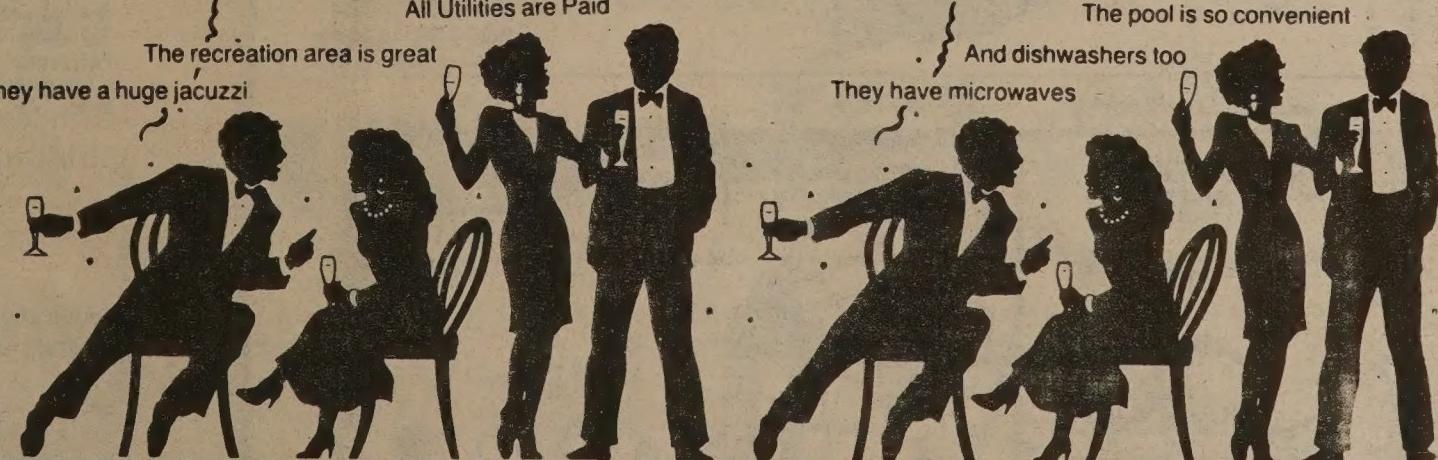
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When Nature Runs Wild

by Gordon Myers

agement, yet annoyingly unique in every situation.

The horde came at night from the depths of the earth. Menacing creatures, numbered in the millions, crept across the countryside, ravaging fields, inhaling crops, and choking roads. Powerless against the swarming beasts, the Idahoan farmers could only lament their fate. Sound like a horror movie? Actually, the dismal scene was all too real when an overabundance of jackrabbits plagued eastern Idaho, causing five million dollars in damage. Because meadows of clover and packs of predators were wiped out by man, numerous starving rabbits reacted by victimizing their defacer.

Federal programs also currently subsidize many activities (e.g., below cost timber sales, federal dam construction, etc.) that benefit certain constituencies, such as farmers, timber companies, and ranchers, yet can damage the environment. The Bush Administration should seek to end such environmentally damaging subsidy programs. Policy changes such as these are effective and economical.

There are many such opportunities for the government to care for the environment responsibly and economically. The Department of Interior and the Department of Energy, for example, both have many overlapping functions that would best be served by merging the two agencies into a single Department of Natural Resources.

The administration is not alone, however. Instead of treating the environment as risk-free political mileage, politicians as a group need to develop effective means of establishing long-term environmental policy. Some politicians are beginning to understand this.

Senator Gore of Tennessee states that, "All of us, regardless of where we fit into a political party or an ideological spectrum or whether we're in the private sector or government, will

Unfortunately, man's ability to establish this ratio is sorely challenged because his methods are inefficient and have detrimental side effects. The poisoned bait used to kill coyotes also kills eagles and other species. This costly trade-off has resulted in legislation that prohibits the use of poison. Though well-meaning, such legislation does not address the needs of the ranchers who are supplying the sacrificial lambs.

A conflict between industrialists and environmentalists arises, as their divergent priorities seem to be mutually exclusive. Hopefully, new solutions for the effective control of predators will develop and resolve this agonizing conflict. By doing so, two of man's chief concerns, protection of existing wildlife and maintenance of productivity, can prosper parallel to each other.

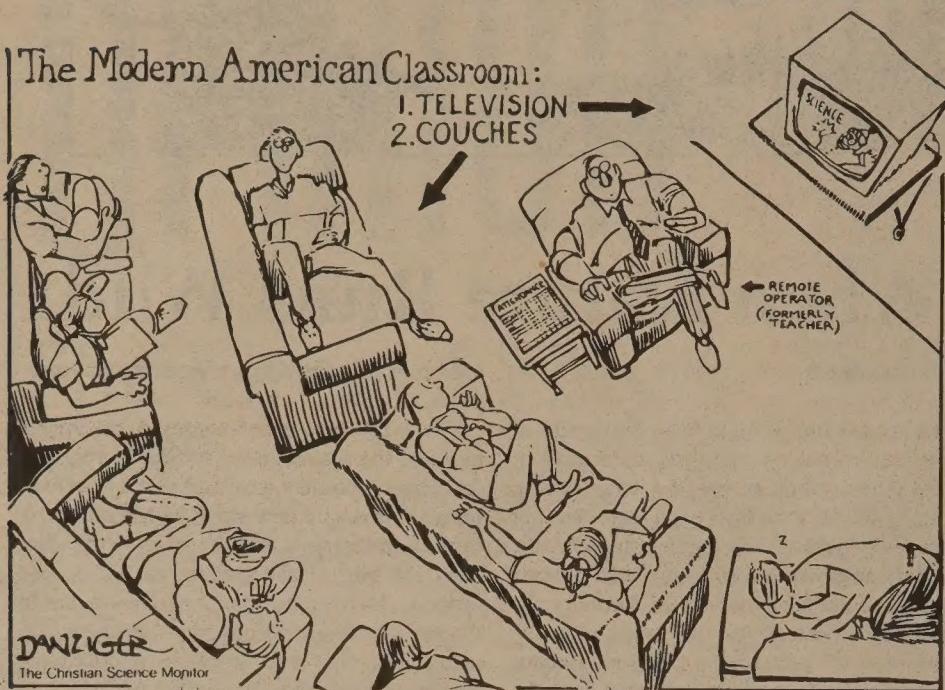
The burros of the Death Valley are yet another situation that demands that man exercise wilderness control. Romantically thought of as "wild" burros, their origin doesn't reach back further than the originals of the ghost towns scattered throughout the "Wild West." Pack animals to prospectors, the burros withstood the rigorous demands of owner and climate. As civilization moved west, the burro

Please see Nature on page 11

Our Cartoonists

The Modern American Classroom:

1. TELEVISION
2. COUCHES



DANZIGER
The Christian Science Monitor

Distort the World



DANZIGER

Campus Activity Survey

In a random telephone survey, 60 men and women were asked the following questions concerning BYU-related activities.

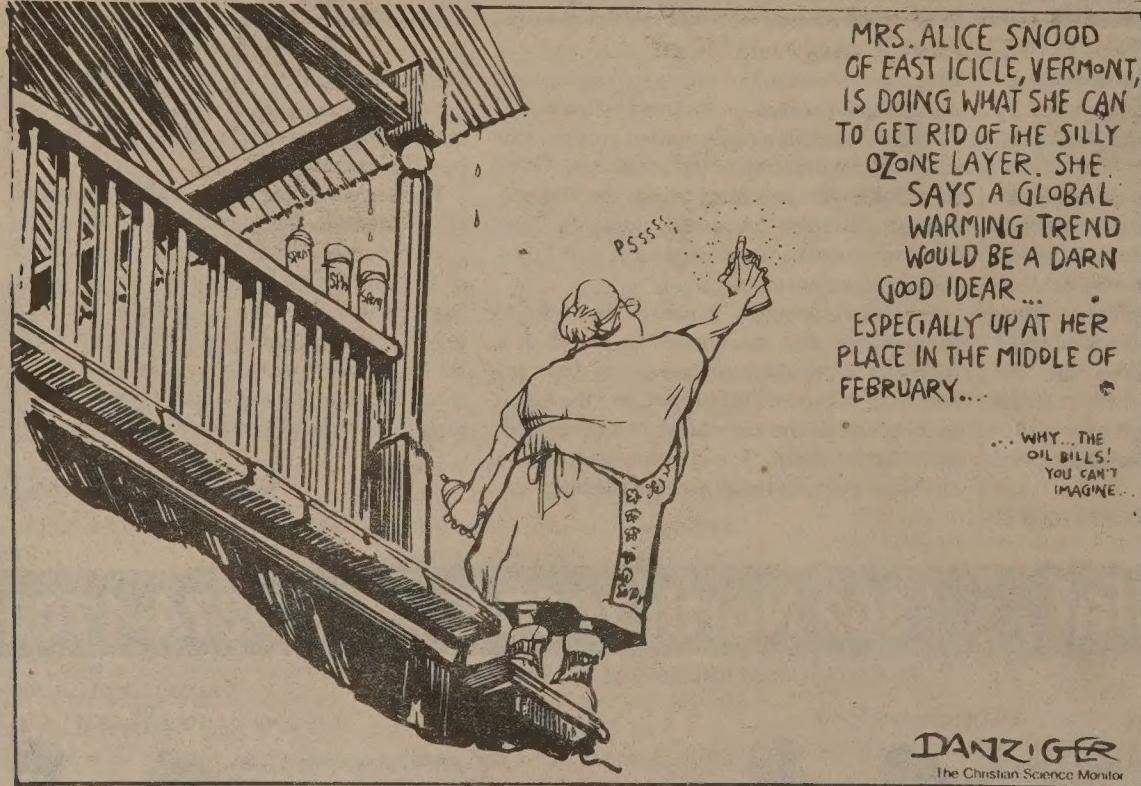
In the last semester have you attended Family Home Evening at least twice? Men 68% Women 66%

In the last semester have you attended the International cinema at least twice? Men 32% Women 16%

In the last semester have you attended at least two devotionals? Men 61% Women 44%

In the last semester have you gone to at least two BYU basketball games? Men 43% Women 31%

In the last semester have you attended at least one forum? Men 32% Women 19%



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#446



I Have from page 9

be called upon in our lifetimes to answer the fundamental question of whether we have the capacity as a civilization to dramatically and fundamentally change the way we are affecting the world's environment."

The bipartisan spirit expressed by Senator Gore is not a vain hope. The Republican platform in New Orleans was probably one of the strongest environmental platforms written by either party ever. The Republicans are not "apathetic" about environmental concerns and problems.

Senator Gore is right. It will take a united effort not just to

solve our national problems such as water supplies, pesticide control, and waste management, but also to deal with world-wide problems such as depletion of the atmosphere's ozone layer and the greenhouse effect.

I believe that President Bush understands this responsibility, and that he will not allow it to be turned into a partisan battle. The environment is a bipartisan, even an "American," concern that is every citizen's responsibility. We have been bestowed with a great national treasure in this country and we need to unite to protect this precious gift.

I Have from page 8

mon language until it had permeated western civilization completely.

Once we have bought into the language, that is we take it seriously, all of a sudden we have/own things such as books, watches, cars, bikes, etc. From there we make the fatal leap of which we are concerned. We begin to have/own

spiritual things. For example, we speak, especially in church, that we have knowledge, that we have the truth, and that we have a testimony, as though knowledge, truth, and testimonies were objects. What is it we mean when we say that we have truth? We mean that truth is this static 'thing' and somehow we've managed to obtain it.

Nature from page 9

was no longer cost efficient, and hundreds were turned loose to feed. Possessing sturdy physical characteristics, the burro soon became a permanent fixture in the wilderness.

Unfortunately, the burro is a blight on the natural habitat, as its habits and characteristics considerably task the area in which it lives. The burros spend 50% of its time eating, a requirement that damages native fauna. It reproduces at a pregnancy rate which is capable of doubling the population every five years, a characteristic which greatly disturbs the native bighorn population. Imposed upon by man, nature is supporting, whether she likes it or not, a parasite that is stripping her of worth and beauty.

The extent of man's influence is not limited to animals, for birds, plants, water, land and air have also suffered. There are many incidences

where man's influence has restricted and distorted nature such that she cannot function properly. Because man has definitely and drastically altered nature's controls, he must not only protect the few untouched wilderness areas remaining, but he must also try to establish a natural balance.

In those areas where nature cannot function properly, man must take control, exercising unceasing management and control, just as nature does. This responsibility of control involves making tremendous decisions, life-giving ones. Man must decide what lives and dies. Hen or eagle? Burro or bighorn?

He must also decide which methods he should use to efficiently and humanely control overabundant wildlife populations. Baseball bats or lethal gas? Poison or aerial gunning? Man must often make sacri-

fices to improve his world, choosing between life-enhancing technology and natural beauty.

Like civilization, nature is essential to man's existence and happiness and must be protected. As naturalist Edward Abbey states, "Wilderness is a necessity of the human spirit, and as vital to our lives as water and good bread. A civilization which destroys what little remains of the wild, the spare, the original, is cutting itself off from its origins and betraying the principle of civilization itself."

Man has the potential to care for nature and civilization side by side. Neither fanatic naturalists nor lustful imperialists have the answers to nature's problems. Man's control of nature must result from an accumulation of scientific studies, economic concerns, common sense, and wisdom.

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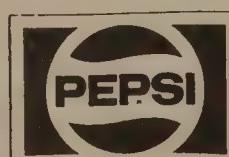
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ARTS & LEISURE

The Films of Tarkovsky

by Tom Rogers
Professor of Russian

During the week of April 11-15 and thanks to Professor Don Marshall's truly unrivaled International Cinema series, we will again be privileged to view three of the most profound films ever made. The director of them is the late Russian emigré Andrey Tarkovsky.

Tarkovsky is one of the most religious and philosophically probing directors we have ever known. And it is on this level that we must try to grasp and appreciate his highly original film art. Each of his films evokes, then explores the mystery of our individual lives. Each constantly asks: "Why am I alive? What do I live for?"

It is useful to view Tarkovsky's works in terms of the greatest mythological archetypes which, I believe, underlie them. Particularly vivid is their common journey motif. Their protagonists each find themselves apart from others, either in an alien land (as with the forbidden Zone in *Stalker* and Italy for the Russian visitor in *Nostalgia*) or a realm of purely spiritual isolation (as with the professor, Alexander, in *Sacrifice*). For each, his particular journey becomes a means of renewal and conjunction, not only with the sources of life, but with those who have preceded him and those who will follow.

These protagonists then become the bearers of traditional but lost values—of what is most sublime in human culture. Though, as in *Nostalgia* and *Sacrifice*, they die or are removed from their immediate society and kin, these heroes become the means for preserving those values and passing them on—in each instance to a young child. This is the motif of generational continuity, and the presence of a child, however symbolic, augurs well in Tarkovsky's perspective for the survival of humankind.

The child tends to be unusually clairvoyant and capable of unusual, life-affirming feats. (In *Stalker* and *Sacrifice*, this child is the hero's own. In *Nostalgia* it is a little Italian girl whom, just before his apparent self-sacrificial demise, the hero addresses in Russian.)

Sacrifice is easier to follow than most of Tarkovsky's films. Its scenes and images are less fragmented and randomly juxtaposed. But, like the others and like the great spiritual films of Dreyer, Mizoguchi, Ray, and Bergman, it is slow paced. The cam-



era holds on whatever it takes in and forces the viewer to meditate. The tree planting at the outset, for instance, lasts from eight to ten minutes, and the house burning at the end takes six and a half minutes.

The acting is subtle and restrained, à la Bergman—which makes the wife's marvelously portrayed hysteria all the more effective as counterpoint. The film's protagonist, Alexander—father of Little Man, the young child of this story—is a lecturer on aesthetics who inveighs against contemporary civilization and on the day of the action receives various congratulatory gifts.

By the story's end, after firing his house, men in white uniforms cart him off—presumably to an asylum. He functions much like the otherwise unnamed Stalker (*Stalker*), the emigré writer in Italy (*Nostalgia*), and the artist-figures in Tarkovsky's other films who appear to carry the torch, and pass on whatever is still of worth in civilization, namely humane values and past tradition.

Note the film's many allusions to great cultural (often religious) artifacts in the humanistic legacy: the sacred choral music we hear at the beginning (Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*), icons, DaVinci's *The Adoration of the Magi*, Shakespeare, Dos-

toevsky, an original map of seventeenth-century Europe, "The Lord's Prayer."

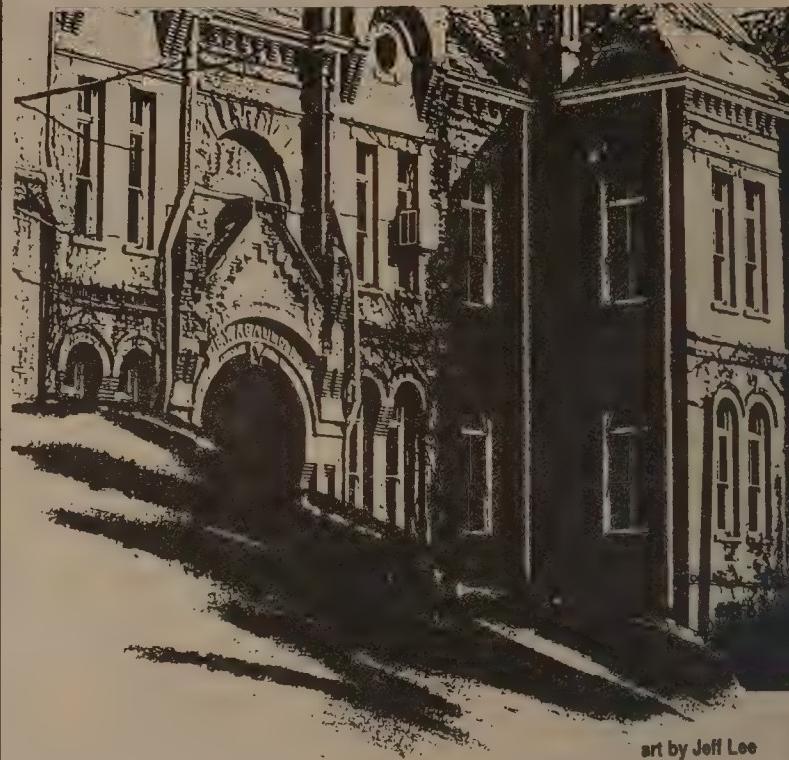
After the War's announcement, Alexander pleads with God and vows to sacrifice whatever he must for universal deliverance. When he awakes the next morning, the threat is over—as if by absorbed by his own private dream. In his vow he had renounced all earthly possessions and relationships. He must now fulfill that vow after his family's deliverance, even at the risk of appearing insane.

This film raises questions. What is the comic postman Otto's function? Why does he fear DaVinci's painting, and why, with his bicycle, does he keep circling both Alexander and Little Man? What is the connection between Alexander's birthday and DaVinci's painting, in which the Magi bear gifts to the Christ Child? What is the meaning of the tree and horses in its background and the horses at the film's end as the camera pans the dead tree Alexander and Little Man planted, and which, as Alexander is driven off, his son still faithfully waters?

Why, as war is announced and the television blacks out, does Alexander declare, "I've waited for this all

please see Tarkovsky on page 13

Respect for Our Past and Academy Square



by Scott Siebers

When I first moved to Miami three years ago, I felt displaced and homesick for my native Chicago. I found refuge and delight in the old hotel district of Miami Beach, the largest collection of Art Deco style buildings in the US. The colorful and fun-loving structures made me feel good somehow, and I spent many hours walking among them.

Then this summer I watched in sadness as one of my favorite hotels, The Senator, was torn down in favor of a parking structure. Several supporters had to be hauled away by police so the bulldozers could move in.

In all of Provo there is only one structure that inspires the same kind of aesthetic reverence and reflective thought that is noticeably absent from such architectural wonders as the ASB and the TNRB. No, I'm not speaking of the particle board and aluminum siding condos with the fake New England townhouse style facades that have popped up recently on every patch of ground big enough to mow. I'm talking about the Brigham Young Academy.

The Academy has been the focus of a lot of editorial hot air lately, not to mention an occasional goat sacrifice. There are those who would like to see the building pulverized. Supporters struggled to register it as a state historical site. Although protected, the buildings continue to decay because of unwillingness to pay the bill to restore them after years of neglect.

Into the fray steps Richard Dutcher, an ambitious, young film-maker with plans to unite two of his passions—film and the preservation of the Academy, into a project this spring. Dutcher, a 1988 BYU graduate, is currently raising funds to shoot a feature-length film entitled *The Great Anonymous* in the Academy.

He and other Utah film-makers and artists have formed a non-profit organization known as The Rainbow Chasers Group, which is gathering tax-deductible donations from the Utah County business community and public. Dutcher describes the film as a romantic drama interweaving the romance between an alienated artist and yuppie executive with the plight of the Academy.

Since the film is donation-supported, a profit can be realized immediately upon release. Fifty percent of the money made by the film will go toward the preservation of the Academy while the other half will pay the cast and crew. The producers of the film are open to student involvement in the project, a great opportunity for those interested in film or the Academy.

Anyone who has witnessed the recent trend towards liberating the devastated downtowns of our major metro cities will agree that the value of our elderly structures far surpasses that of their cost to renovate. It has something to do with class.

I must remember, though, that Springville, American Fork, and even tiny Payson sponsor more community art than Provo City. I must remember that the Academy's most vocal advocate is *The Daily Universe*, a well-meaning, but generally impotent editorial voice. I must remember that the success rate of Provo businessmen reads like the winning percentage of the Atlanta Braves. I must remember that the support group has aptly named itself The Rainbow Chasers.

But I must also remember that Karl Maeser was flat broke when he envisioned a "great university on the hill" that many considered a foolish pipe dream. Treating the Academy this way is like leaving Grandma out on the porch overnight to freeze. A structure with this much historical significance to Provo City, BYU, and the LDS Church deserves better. Best of luck to Richard and the Rainbow Chasers.

Tarkovsky from page 12

my life."? Why does he reject the offer of a tranquilizing injection to calm his nerves? Why is he momentarily tempted to sacrifice his son? And why does he go to the Icelandic girl, named Maria? Why just then do we hear a shepherd's song and see a rushing herd of sheep before her dwelling? And what is her connection with Little Man? With Otto?

Why does Alexander finally submit to the medics, while his wife sinks so despairingly in a puddle? The destruction of his house is clearly a sacrifice. But what does it mean? And is he insane? Or divinely directed? Is the world saved the next morning? And is this his doing? Or is it only in his mind? And was the announcement of war a false alarm? Or should it matter?

What is the connection between Alexander's vow of silence and Little Man's failure to speak until the film's end? Why do we never clearly see Little Man's face until that final moment? And what of the juxtaposition at one point of Alexander's reflection in the glass that covers DaVinci's painting with that of the figure before whom the Magis lay their gifts, and who will later offer

the supreme sacrifice?

These are questions for which there may be no ready answer, but they help elucidate both the film's aesthetic and philosophical puzzle and Tarkovsky's distinctive spiritual vision.

Like the Zone in *Stalker*, Alexander's private vision addresses personal reality—that ultimate arena of our spiritual life. With its inspiring example of self-sacrificing asceticism, it elucidates the values of greater and lesser worth and our need to choose between them. It also explores the resemblance of such devotion to what may strike others as utter insanity.

Finally, if art could ever serve men's worship (we accord that position to music, the Russian Orthodox to both unaccompanied singing and to icons), Tarkovsky's films would, like few others, serve that function.

As the cinematographer Sven Nykvist has put it: "Andrey encourages us to be receptive to new impressions and to go beyond our limitations. This doesn't apply only to us who made the film with him, it also applies to you who will be going to see it."



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Bill & Nada's: a Reprieve

by Elden C. Nelson

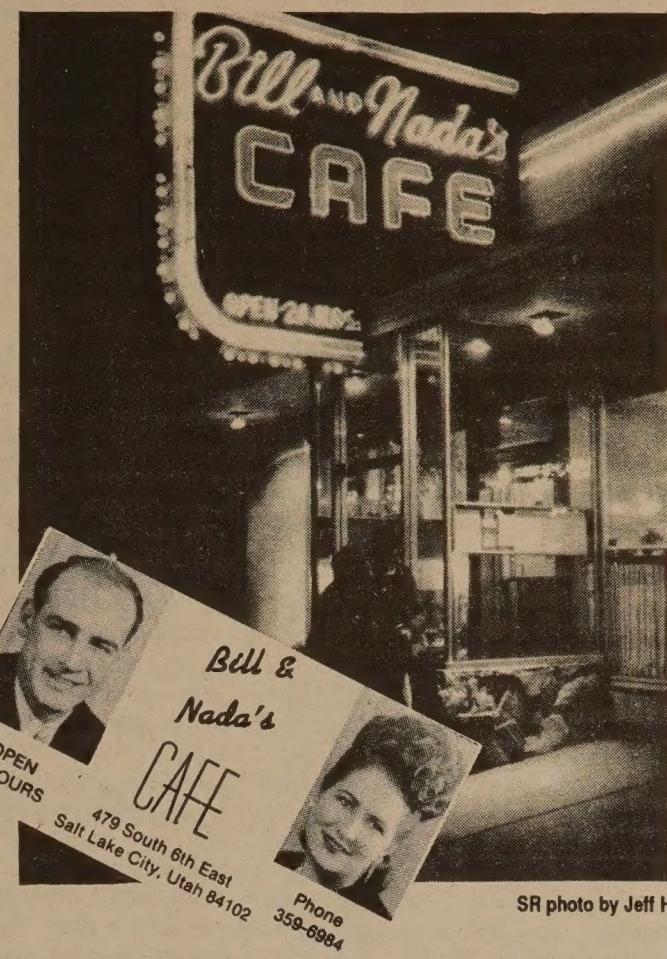
"PLEASE AND THANK YOU ARE MAGIC WORDS." The world needs wisdom like this. So, just as a blanket statement, the world ought to go to Bill and Nada's Cafe in SLC. I did, and I feel better for the trip. I got a good meal and some good advice, in the form of an imitation wood-grain plaque with white lettering. I think I may have regained a bit of innocence, too.

This is what happens when you step into Bill and Nada's. You leave reality, and step into *The Andy Griffith Show*. But whoa, hold on there, trendies. This is not a bright pink pseudo-reconstruction of a fifties restaurant, geared toward inspiring nostalgia in college brats (who are too young to experience nostalgia for that time period anyway). They are more likely to be experiencing nostalgia for the nostalgic sitcoms which were so popular ten years ago).

Bill and Nada's is the way it is because Bill has just never bothered to change the motif of the place. So the mural of the fisherman on the wall does not feel contrived, the jukeboxes on the tables are playing the same records they were twenty years ago (Burl Ives, some obscure Elvis, Ink Spots) at two songs per quarter. There is no "James Dean Burger," no pinball on the ceiling. Just a non-pretentious cafe, with some good food.

This is what happens when you eat at Bill and Nada's. You sit down at a booth. Don't ask for a non-smoking booth, there aren't any. You look at a menu. If you are in a breakfast mood, they are famous for their brains and eggs. Don't recoil. Taste. If you are in a burger mood, try the "Big Bill"—an open-faced burger smothered with cheese, chili, lettuce, tomato, and radishes. This costs about three dollars and is more food than you can eat. The soup is homemade, the sandwiches are exactly what you would expect.

The waitress will come and talk to you in a minute and find out what you want. If she has something interesting on her mind, she will probably tell it to you. She will almost certainly be wearing plaid. She will not date on you and she will not be chewing gum and she will not be wearing roller-skates. She will



SR photo by Jeff Hadfield

bring you your food quickly and make sure that it is the food you want. Tip these waitresses well, for they are perhaps the only waitresses in the state of Utah that will not make you cringe as they approach your booth.

This is what you should do when you eat at Bill and Nada's. Eat. Talk. How you eat is not important. What you talk about is not important. How you talk is important. You should talk simply. You should talk of details. You should not worry about being profound, because that is pretentious. At Bill and Nada's, the things you say will eventually take on a profundity of their own. This is the profundity of actually meaning what you say. This is the profundity of the importance of small things, like the conversation

you are having with a waitress who acts as if she could probably become your friend.

I haven't talked much about the food. I don't think the food is the most important thing about Bill and Nada's. It's good, but it isn't the most important thing. The most important thing is the way you feel when you walk out. You feel warm and full from the food, you've carelessly had one of your most significant conversations ever—either with a stranger or with someone you know, you feel as if you've had a reprieve from cynicism. You haven't participated in someone else's nostalgia; instead, you've given yourself something to be nostalgic about.

Elden used to write a lot for the Review.

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Classics on a Budget

by Jeff Hadfield

Price doesn't always reflect quality. However, the adage caveat emptor is the rule in lower-priced classical compact discs: buyer, beware!

I'll examine here only compact discs priced below \$10. Some discs priced higher than \$10 are worth investigating, such as Deutsche Grammophon's digitally remastered (ADD) recordings of classic Herbert von Karajan recordings and EMI/Angel's "studio series." Full-priced, but great values are CBS Masterworks' extended play "Digital Masters" discs. Nearly all of that series are over 60 minutes long, and each is fully digital (DDD).

The wary, budget-minded buyer's under \$10 buying options include Philips' "A Touch Of Classics" series, London's "Weekend Classics" series, the "Vienna Master Series," and the Naxos/Enigma Classics label. Buying used CDs is also a good option, but remember that it's only a bargain if you listen to them!

Avoid London's "Weekend Classics" series. These sound like old cassettes transferred to CD—hiss is often louder than the music. I'd also recommend avoiding the CBS masterworks series unless you are familiar with the recording—these are inconsistent.

Two series stand head and shoul-

ders above the rest. The first is the Vienna Master Series. These digital recordings (DDD) usually cost around \$5, while their maximum length is about 50 minutes. The sound is good, but I don't hear the depth in these that I want in a classical recording—an all too frequent problem. Some of the Chopin discs I have heard sound a bit strange, flat.

However, the Naxos/Enigma classics series avoids this. You can pick these up for around \$6-\$8 a piece. The length on these averages about 60-65 minutes, and they're packaged in those neat little narrow jewel boxes (2/3 the width of a regular jewel box). I picked up a sampler for this series last summer and have been sold since. They're a good value for the money and are top-notch, sparkling digital recordings. They've even got liner notes.

Naxos/Enigma started with the purpose of making a good classical CD library available at affordable prices. They've succeeded and are expanding their line regularly. There are approximately 70 recordings available, with another 70 to 100 scheduled for release this year. The low price is possible because they use Czechoslovakian and Hungarian orchestras and soloists with Western and Japanese conductors and soloists. By avoiding the big names and the expensive recording

venues, they can get well-rehearsed world-class recordings for a low price.

I obviously haven't heard them all, but I can recommend their Bach Brandenburg Concertos discs (grouped 1-3 and 4-6), their orchestral Bizet Carmen Suites 1 & 2/ L'Arlesienne Suites 1 & 2, and their Rimsky-Korsakov Scheherazade.

New releases include a fantastic recording of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto In E Minor (Opus 64) backed with Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto In D Major (Opus 35). The first Suzuki method student, Takako Nishizake, delivers a technically excellent performance, recorded in its digital purity.

I have also enjoyed their recordings of 19 Chopin Waltzes, and Beethoven's Piano Concertos 3 & 4, 2 & 5. The piano on both is clear and solid; the orchestras technically perfect and crisply recorded.

Give one of the Naxos/Enigma series a test-listen. If you can find the sampler disc, buy it. Listen to the wide range of recordings and the solid performances; the depth of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor is not to be missed. If you want to build a good library of the great classics, try Naxos/Enigma. I doubt you'll be disappointed.

A&L SUGGESTS

The BYU Russian Department presents the Russian vaudeville play *Cilnoe Chuvstvo, or Passionate Emotions*, Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in 205 JRCB, free of charge and open to the public.

The play, a satire of Russian bourgeois social consciousness during the Lenin years, was written by two very popular authors of the time, Ilya Ilf and Eugeny Petrov. The action takes place during a wedding reception, with a menagerie of eccentric guests and wedding party. The plot is hilariously complicated by not only a bride, groom and bride's family, but also an unrequited love, a quack doctor, a Chinese laundryman, two loud-mouthed lushes, a jailbird father-in-law, a shrew and her daughter, not enough vodka, an obnoxious American, and to top it all off, a jealous ex-husband harassing the wedding party and guests throughout.

The play will be performed in Russian, but don't worry: a complete synopsis in English will be provided. Directed by Dr. Tom Rogers, this play will be a very interesting cultural event. Try alternative entertainment Thursday with an evening of Russian drama and humor.

Answering Machine Message of the Week

"Hello, this is her father. She's studying right now, and she has better things to do than be disturbed by young ruffians like you. So I suggest that if you know what's good for you, you'll just leave her alone. If you dare leave your name and number at the tone, fine. I'll have the police on you, young man, so fast you won't know what hit you. I hope you're happy with yourself."



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LAWRENCE OF ARABIA ★★★

In 1962, David Lean's original version of Lawrence of Arabia clocked in at just under four hours (counting the intermission). Studio-type business people immediately fought and won the battle to chop the film down to a more marketable size. Essentially, few audiences saw the original version of the film in 1962 and nobody has seen it since that year until Robert A. Harris led (and won) the fight to restore it. Currently, the restored, 221-minute version of Lawrence of Arabia is in limited release nationwide on 70mm, six-track stereo prints.

Peter O'Toole stars as Thomas Edward Lawrence, a British army officer sent to Arabia to lead the native forces. Eventually, he becomes the charismatic leader of the Arabs in a fight to unify their tribes against Turkish rule. But war isn't all it's cracked up to be and it gradually destroys the moral fiber of the semi-worshipped O'Toole.

This film marked O'Toole's film debut and, although obviously younger, he was just as good then as he is now. Of course, there are plenty of other fine performances too, including those of Claude Rains, Omar Sharif, Jose Ferrer and others (there's a marked absence of female performances, but, then again, this is a war picture).

This film is without question a classic and a must-see for anyone. Most wide-screen films today are shot in Cinemascope, a system that inherently involves some image distortion. This film, however, was shot on 65mm negatives, allowing for the same wide screen, but with distortion-free deep focus, follow focus, and other cinematic luxuries that Cinemascope doesn't provide. Plus, the large-format source material makes for excellent copies with color so good you'd swear this film was made in the 80s.

The 70mm system (those extra 5mm on release prints are for the soundtrack) is easily the only true format on which to see this movie. A close listen to the soundtrack reveals the limitations of the early 60s, pre-Dolby source material although modern recording techniques were used for current prints. The sound, even with its occasional tape noise, is still quite good.

In all, this is a true masterpiece graciously returned to us. Its current release may be a once-in-a-lifetime chance to see the film in 70mm, so it's well worth driving to Salt Lake and staying there for four hours. Yes, it's a long movie, but only because it allows the audience time to enjoy breathtaking images. This isn't the kind of pretentious, self-proclaimed "epic" one might expect from a DeMille or a Griffith. Four stars, because they won't let me give it any more than that. Lawrence of Arabia is now playing at the Regency Theater on 21st South and Foothill Drive in SLC.

Greg W. Anderson

Reaching Out

by Julie Curtis

BYU's Kennedy Center for International Studies provides cultural education about other areas in the world, through the Outreach Programs. Outreach has several divisions, focusing on Europe, Asia, Africa, Canada and the Soviet Union.

This final focus, Slavic Outreach, has been particularly active during this semester at BYU. Just what is Slavic Outreach about? This semester's director Amy Barnett describes it as a program that gathers information about the Soviet Union and Slavic culture, and provides a resource to help educate the community about that nation. "It is very important for us to learn about and understand the Soviet Union, if we ever hope to achieve real world peace," she says.

Slavic Outreach has existed for about two years, but this semester it has tried to become more active in the community. They started in January with an extensive research campaign, to compile substantial information about the people, culture, language, history, politics, and geography of the USSR. Then, with a broad information base, they began giving presentations in local schools. Visiting elementary-through high-school-aged students, they bring the opportunity for an interesting dialogue about and personal participation in Slavic culture.

Presentations have a variety of focuses, depending on the specific

interests of the group. Their resources include slide shows, fairy tale readings, introduction to the Russian language, songs and even historical figures, to bring Soviet culture to interested groups.

Participation in the Outreach Programs is volunteer, but students can receive upper division international area studies credit through their work with Outreach. Assistance is needed for research and also in giving presentations to local schools and other groups. Outreach is happy to give presentations to any interested groups. Contact their offices for further information.

Currently, Outreach is gearing up for a gala event. April was declared Utah State Soviet Awareness month, and in its honor, the Kennedy Center and Outreach are hosting a Soviet Awareness Cultural Fair, April 13 and 14. Each day between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. the Kennedy Center's room 238 will have booths, lectures, displays, slides, music and movies dealing with Soviet history, politics and culture. Special presentations and viewings can be scheduled for anyone with interest in a particular topic.

In any case, the Outreach programs are moving forward in their work to educate the American public about the world around us. For more information on the Cultural Fair, Outreach programs and presentations, contact the Outreach Office at 378-3548.

the CALENDAR

Theatre Guide

Pioneer Memorial Theatre Babcock Theatre,

300 S. University, SLC, plays Mon.-Sat., 8:00

p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-\$16.50, 581-6961

Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, plays Mon.-Sat., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00-\$6.00, 581-6961

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, plays Mon., Thurs.-Sat., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: Mon. \$4.00, Thurs. \$5.00, Fri. & Sat. \$6.00, 484-9257

Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$6.00-\$10.00, 532-6000

Valley Center Playhouse, Lindon, 780 N. 200 E., Fri., Sat. & Mon., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 785-2217

Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, all concerts 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$27.00, Students: \$4.00, 533-6407

Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S., SLC, Tickets: 533-6494

Backstage Dinner Theatre, 65 N. University Ave., Dinner 6:00 p.m., Theatre 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$15.00, 377-6905

The Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00, 649-9371

The New Shakespeare Players, Walker Hall on the Westminster College Campus, 1850 S. 1300 E., Tickets: \$4.50 - \$7.00, 538-6520

Wednesday, April 5

Lecture:

Honors Module: Michelle Stott on "Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* and the Poetic Passage into Life in Turn-of-the-Century Vienna," 6:00 p.m., 211 MSRB

Family Living Lecture, "Married for Time and Eternity, or Until Debt Do Us Part," Dr. Bernad Poduska, ELWC Ballroom, 7:30 p.m. Free!

Theatre:

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema:

Lecture on "Amadeus," 3:15 p.m.

"Amadeus," 3:45 p.m.

"Gaby," 6:45 p.m.

"The Magic Flute," (German) 9:00 p.m.

Music:

Piano Recital, Gina Harrop, 6:00 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Vocal Recital, Martha West, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Dance:

Ballet West, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$7.00 w/I.D., 37807444

Thursday, April 6

Lecture:

Honors Module: Chad Flake on "Aldus Manutius, The Life of a Scholar-Printer," 6:00 p.m., 4040 HBLL (Special Collections room)

College of Biology and Agriculture Lecture Series, "The Contribution of Ecological Concepts and Theories to Understanding the Natural World," 446 MARB, 11:00 a.m. Women's Conference, Marriott Center, 7:30 p.m.

Theatre:

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"Othello," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema:

Lecture on "Gaby," 3:15 p.m.

"Gaby," 3:45 p.m.

"The Magic Flute," 6:00 p.m.

"Amadeus," 7:00 p.m.

Music:

BYU Wind Symphony, de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Primrose Memorial Concert, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

Guitar Ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 6:00 p.m., Free!

Dance:

Senior Projects Dance Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: at the door or 378-5086

Friday, April 7

Theatre:

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Othello," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

Film Society:

214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.

"A Streetcar Named Desire," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 w/I.D.

International Cinema:

"Amadeus," 3:15 p.m.

"The Magic Flute," 6:15 p.m.

"Gaby," 7:15 p.m.

"Amadeus," 9:25 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony, Mozart, Ben Haim & Mendelssohn, Symphony Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Folk Ensemble, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, Free!

Guitar Recital, Brendan Terry, 6:00 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Lip Sync Finals at the Palace, 10:00 p.m., 501 N. 900 E.

Dance:

The Honors Program may present "The JFK Memorial Spring Formal," 8:00 p.m., which, if it is held, will be on the back steps of the Maeser Building, and feature a superb program, dancing and refreshments, and exciting encounters. Tickets for this tentative event should be on sale in 350 MSRB.

Dance Department: Senior Projects Dance Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: at the door or 378-5086

Saturday, April 8

Theatre:

"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 3:30 & 8:00 p.m.

"Othello," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

Film Society:

214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.

"A Streetcar Named Desire," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 w/I.D.

International Cinema:

"The Magic Flute," 3:00 p.m.

"Gaby," 4:00 & 9:10 p.m.

"Amadeus," 6:10 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony, Mozart, Ben Haim & Mendelssohn, Symphony Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Flute Recital, Elaine Huff, 4:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Piano Recitals, Stephen Thomas, 7:30 p.m., Robb Hoch, 9:00 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Lip Sync Finals at the Palace, 10:00 p.m., 501 N. 900 E.

Monday, April 10

Theatre:

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 4:00 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

Tuesday, April 11

Lecture:

BYU Faculty Academy Lecture Series, Dr. John Hawkins, professor of anthropoplogy, 110 TNRB, 7:30 p.m., Free.

Theatre:

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Percussion Ensemble and Panoramic Steel Band, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Wednesday, April 12

Theatre:

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

Music:

Songwriters' Showcase, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Dance:

Theatre Ballet Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: at the door or 378-5086

Thursday, April 13

Lecture:

Planetary Faculty Lecture, "Telling Time by the Stars,"

H. Kimball Hansen, 492 ESC, 7:30 p.m., Admission: \$1.00

Theatre:

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"Othello," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Dance:

Theatre Ballet Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: at the door or 378-5086

Friday, April 14

Theatre:

"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"The Star Wagon," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Othello," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

Film Society

214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.

"The Parent Trap," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m., \$1.00 w/I.D.

Dance:

BYU Ballroom Dance Company International Ball, ELWC Ballroom, 6:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 - \$9.00, 378-4623, 378-2110

Theatre Ballet Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: at the door or 378-5086

Saturday, April 15

Theatre:

"The Star Wagon," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"Noises Off," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D., 378-3875

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"Othello," Babcock Theatre, 2:00 & 8:00 p.m.

Film:

Film Society

214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.

Bloom from page 4

Bloom's book, however, is not explicitly concerned with the national existence. It is rather concerned with the existence of the nation's minds, specifically with the country's ability to harbor those few philosophical minds who are truly capable of pursuing what he calls the "permanent questions." These few philosophers, if they exist at all, are at the nation's universities. For Bloom, philosophy is the highest pursuit of mankind. To that end, Bloom's book is not dedicated to saving society but to saving the university and the philosophers who are located therein.

In pondering the standards and morals of our society, Bloom does a masterful job of showing that traditional standards are good in the context of our society, but he does not argue that these standards have any inherent rational basis. Bloom's argument for the defense and preservation of the university (philosophy), does not extend beyond the university itself which, he neglects to acknowledge, is already a product of the larger society's context of values. Bloom must know that a philosopher has always depended on the community of which he is a part, not just for temporal survival, but for the group consensus. Indeed, it is the life and function of the larger community to provide and define the "permanent questions" which the philosopher pursues. When the consensus which provides the "permanent questions" begins to crumble, reason alone cannot restore a consensus which ultimately is not based upon logic, but upon common ideals founded in common faith and directed by providence.

Bloom argues for consensus based on reason, but ironically, the triumph of reason is only possible where there is a sufficient consensus upon premises—a consensus which

reason cannot establish. Since Bloom acknowledges that a consensus is requisite to higher reason, the Athens that Bloom desires to make of the modern university cannot exist without a trace of Jerusalem at its core. Hence, for reason to rule, competent missionaries are needed as well as competent professors.

Bloom's book merits special attention from scholars at BYU, even if it falls short for others. Historically, great universities have been born of great religions. I suspect that this is due at least in part to Bloom's observation that a certain amount of consensus about what is "good" is necessary for its meaningful pursuit. Because students that attend religious universities often come from a pre-existing community which provides them with a consensus, they are the potential beneficiaries of an unusual but profound education. It is, as Bloom suggests, through intimate familiarity with the questions of good, that we can literally re-recognize the good and apply it (or at least seek it) in different situations. Some describe this same process as revelation. Accordingly, Bloom's suggestions, which may have limited relevance to the world at large, may have a particular application at BYU.

BYU is not blessed with a great diversity, but its professors and students have the advantage of an uncommon consensus about the existence of good. Thus, while our horizons may need broadening, at least we should not be diverted, as we and other universities often are, by our inability to accept standards from which to educate. If Bloom is correct, the potential for an unusually profound education may be another reason why there is a university in Zion.

Murray Snow is an alumnus of BYU and its J. Reuben Law School.

Closet from page 3

public safety and health as well as environmental quality. The ultimate role of citizen, as outlined, is to:

- Make sure that LEPCs have been formed in your community.

- Make sure that the LEPC has all of the information that it needs to prepare an emergency response plan.

- Review and comment on the emergency response plan.

- Obtain information from the LEPC as to the types of chemical hazards present in the community.

- Call and ask facilities in the area if they have complied with the reporting requirements.

These responsibilities are set aside for citizens in the community to assume and fulfill.

Title III, and ultimately any ecologist activity, will not work unless there is community support for the goal of conservation. Apathy will only continue the disastrous reshaping of our earth's ecosystem by allowing further exploitation of our planet's natural resources. We must all take an active part in what is happening both here and abroad, for what happens in the jungles of Brazil and Samoa has a definite affect on life in Utah Valley. So why not start easy and do something here at home, in our backyard?

If we as citizens can actively pursue this plan, we can work together to avoid potentially dangerous chemical accidents now, and assure a cleaner, more balanced environment for our posterity. If we shirk our duty, we will have to live with the potentially lethal consequences of our actions.

III can be obtained through the sources mentioned above or by calling:

1-800-535-0202

Toxic Release Information can be requested by writing:

U.S. EPA

P.O. Box 70266

Washington D.C. 20024-0266

Attention: TRI Public Inquiry

1-The quotes and some of the information in this article are from the US government pamphlet, *Chemicals in Your Community: A Guide to the Emergency Planning and Community Right-to Know Act*, (United States Environmental Protection Agency, 1988).

2-The Local Emergency Planning Committee (LEPC) is a group consisting of elected representatives, emergency response personnel (firefighters, hospital workers, etc.), community and media representatives, and plant owners and operators. Their main function is to develop a plan to prepare for and respond to chemical emergencies and hazards in the respective districts. They serve as the community source of information regarding Title III and local polluters. They also welcome volunteers to aid in the different tasks they are expected to perform.

Information and literature regarding Title

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